

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY  
PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

—ILLUSTRATED—

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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*Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D.D., LL.D.*  
*Bishop of Fort Wayne*

# ... THE WEEK ...

The ball is over. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, as you heard recently. But most of those who enjoyed the ball and its attendant affairs are willing to adopt the more youthful and understandable slogan, "One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name." And for brilliance, pleasure and propriety the ball of 1925 achieved an enviable name.

Among the features of Ball Week was the issue of the Girls' Number of the *Juggler*. Copies were distributed without charge at the dance on Friday afternoon, saving quarters where quarters were most needed, and were circulated without difficulty on the campus Friday night. Sparkling and talented co-operation from fair contributors in the outside world made this issue one of the best and most girlish of the girls' numbers that the Funny Fellow has put out. One might Kipple a little and say that it proved that "the female of the species is funnier than the male." The drawings by McElroy were especially good.

Nature was kind, we take great pleasure in assuming, to the Michigan State College track team, and by a generous program of irrigation made the track meet scheduled for Saturday afternoon impossible. This seems to deprive campus enthusiasts of their only opportunity to see the 1925 tracksters in action—at least on home territory. It wouldn't be surprising, however, to find a delegation of followers at the State Meet at Purdue.

Local sports progress rapidly. The first round of the K. C. golf tournament ended Friday night. Our "links-eyed" correspon-

dent was unable to inform us of the progress of this knightly tournament. The prizes, however, guarantee an intensity of playing that should reveal discoveries greater than that of Columbus himself. At least a lot of new land will be uncovered. The interhall baseball series is also in mid-season form and playing to enthusiastic galleries. The usual quota of new material has been discovered—"baseball diamonds in the rough."

Thursday, beside being a Holy Day, was the day set aside for collecting bundles of clothes for the Near-East relief. Collectors report that the halls on the West side of the Campus, believing that the collection was for Freshman and Sophomore Halls, contributed very generously. To which the injured parties on the East replied that in a collection of old clothes the halls on the West ought to be able to contribute generously, except that the donors' need for them beats that of the Near-East.

Elections were held a week ago in the gym with all the pomp, politics and ceremony of the "big time." The election committee seems to have attended the ball rather *en masse*, so that the ballots weren't counted until Saturday. In the Senior elections it was "Bon jour," as they say in the French, and the whole ticket of all the classes looks like first class transportation from September, 1925, to June, 1926.

The Engineers planned their annual picnic for Thursday and they have a habit of carrying out their plans. Another group of the same college are in Chicago on a tour of various plants. Neither event lacks thrills.

Do your summer job-hunting early.

*Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, DD., LL.D.,  
The New Bishop of Fort Wayne*

Because of lack of information, the SCHOLASTIC was unable in the last issue to provide its readers with a full account of the naming of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John F. Noll as bishop of Fort Wayne. It is possible now to write more fully concerning the life and work of Monsignor Noll, whose appointment to the Fort Wayne bishopric was received at Notre Dame with so much pleasure.

Bishop Noll is well-known here at the University, having received an honorary degree of LL.D. from Notre Dame in 1915. The records of that time contain this passage concerning the recipient of the degree: "On a priest whose devotedness has found expression in a new form of Catholic journalism, and whose labors for the spread of truth have borne fruit in every section of America, the degree of LL.D. is conferred."

Bishop Noll is a voluminous writer. He is known chiefly throughout the United States, however, as the editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, which is distributed at Catholic church doors in every state in the Union. Occupying a rural pastorate, he found his genius in the establishing and building up of this little weekly paper which today is read by more than 3,000,000 persons every Sunday. The vast success of this work has overshadowed other highly successful writing he has done.

He is fifty years old, the date of his birth being Jan. 25, 1875. While on the paternal side his ancestors were Americans for years before him, his mother was born near Cork, Ireland.

He received his early education in the Brothers' School at Fort Wayne. At 13 he went to St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wis., for his classics, and thence to Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, for his course in philosophy and theology. He was ordained June 4, 1898.

After serving nine months as assistant

priest at Elkhart and Logansport, Ind., he was made pastor of Ligonier, with Kendallville and two or three places as missions. He also held pastorates at New Haven and Hartford City, Ind., before he was given charge of St. Mary's parish, Huntington, in July 1910.

When Bishop Alerding assigned Father Noll to Huntington, it was to give him a parish which had no debt, whose church was a beautiful memorial edifice built by Bridget Roche. His Bishop wanted him to have ample time to take care of his work which the publication of the *Parish Monthly* entailed.

Because between sixty and seventy pastors desired to have even their local "copy" printed at Huntington, that they might receive the finished magazine ready for distribution, it became necessary for Father Noll to get possession of a printing plant.

When in 1912, a great anti-Catholic drive began, Father Noll conceived the idea of a one-cent paper for distribution at the church door, to place in the hands of Catholics the answer to the charges of their enemies, and to instruct them well in their faith. This was the genesis of *Our Sunday Visitor*, launched May 5, 1912. It seemed to be the need of the hour, and became popular at once. Its circulation grew so rapidly that within a few years it had the largest number of readers of any Catholic paper in the world. Today some 60,000 copies reach homes directly by mail, and nearly 500,000 are distributed before the exits of churches on Sunday.

Bishop Noll is particularly well qualified for the new work he is undertaking. His staunch support of the church and her institutions, his keen grasp of present day movements in relation to the Church, his militant leadership, and above all his priestly spirituality founded upon a spirit of humility, assure a successful reign as bishop of the great diocese of Fort Wayne.

## A TRIBUTE TO FATHER MAHER

The following letter from Mr. Mark M. Foote, '73, is a beautiful tribute to the memory of Father Maher. Mr. Foote is the oldest living alumnus of the University:

May 18, 1925.

Dear Father Walsh:—

The sorrow that I feel upon reading in this morning's paper of dear Father Maher's death, is increased by my inability to be present at his final obsequies. Had I known it in time, I certainly would not have allowed anything to keep me away.

To mourn the loss of a life so long spent and filled as his with purity, holy innocence and beautiful charity, would seem almost a selfish inclination to shorten the everlasting happiness that is due it. However, the picture of well nigh sixty years ago that memory brings to the mind of one who in daily association then knew and felt his friendship, his kindly care and his beautiful example of life, cannot help but bring with it a tinge of sadness in the thought that this friendship which has endured ever since is now of the past.

What a wonderful example he has left of the inestimable value to a cause such as he was a part of, and of the good that can be dispensed by a life that would seem consecrated not only to its noble purpose, but to beautiful unpretentious modesty in its effort. I certainly feel in his death that one more link in the beautiful chain of memory that binds my heart to the joys of my boyhood days at Notre Dame has been broken, and I wish to offer to all of my dear friends of Holy Cross my sympathy in the loss of one who must have been in life and will ever be in memory, cherished in deepest love. I have been so hopefully expecting the pleasure of greeting him again next month when I go to Notre Dame, and I now feel its impossibility a severe disappointment.

With kindest regards to all,

Your sincere friend,

*Mark M. Foote, '73*

## BARRY MEDAL WINNER TO BE CHOSEN MONDAY

Marking the close of the first year of a public-speaking renaissance at Notre Dame the finalists in the Barry medal elocution contest and the candidates in the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior oratorical contests are looking forward to next week when the four winners will be picked.

This past week on the afternoons of Wednesday and Friday the preliminaries were held in the Barry medal contest. The finalists were chosen and they will take part in the finals to be held Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock in Washington hall. A gold medal, the gift of the Hon. P. T. Barry of Chicago, is awarded each year to the student excelling in elocution.

The men who took part in the preliminaries were: Brother Pius, C.S.C., Sidney Eder, Bob Hamilton, George Coury, Richard J. Wehs, Francis E. Steel, Raymond J. Kelly, John W. McGowan, R. M. Norris, C. S. C., J. P. McNamara, L. M. Swiggart, Sam Privitera, Victor F. Lemmer, Pierce J. O'Connor, Oscar D. Rust, John W. Cavanaugh, Ray Cunningham and Marc Fiehrer.

The Freshman oratorical contests will be held Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in Washington hall. Wednesday afternoon at the same time and in the same place the Sophomore contest will be held. Thursday afternoon the Juniors will meet at 4 o'clock in Washington hall to contest. The winner in each class is to be awarded a \$10 gold piece.

The candidates for the contests are: Freshman, Joseph P. McNamara, Robert P. Fogarty, Pierce J. O'Connor, J. Charles Short and James McGonagle; Sophomore, Franklin L. Conway, Edward M. Rowe, Paul N. Rowe, E. M. Swiggart, Sam Privitera, George J. Schill, Jack L. Flynn and William Coyne; Junior, Seymour Weisberger, Sidney Eder, John T. Griffin and Victor F. Lemmer. Mr. Mark Nolan is supervising the contests.

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## Music

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The Minims of St. Edward's Hall broadcasted a program from WGAZ, the *South Bend Tribune* station, on Wednesday night, May 20. The program was as follows:

1. "Waltz" \_\_\_\_\_ *Franz Behr*  
John O'Connor and Maurice Carr.
2. "The Hay Ride" \_\_\_\_\_ *Edmund Severn*  
The Violin Orchestra.
3. "Scherzo Brillante" \_\_\_\_\_ *A. H. Spanholtz*  
Sigmund and Leo Lipowski.
4. "Notre Dame Victory March" \_\_\_\_\_ *M. J. Shea*  
Violin Trio:  
Jerome Hellmuth, Jack Crampton, Jack Duffy.

The boys giving the program ranged in age from ten to fourteen and are pupils in the grades from the fifth to the eighth. The program was given for the parents of the boys who are located in different parts of the world.

The Violin orchestra is composed of Hellmuth, Duffy, Curielli, Tooley, Guljas, Crampton, Fransen, Tooley and Smith. The accompanist is Sigmund Lipowski.

Sister Malachy, Sister Ursulita and Mrs. K. K. Rockne were guests at the broadcasting of the program.

—NDS—

The University Orchestra played at the graduation exercises of the Nurses Home in Mishawaka, Thursday evening, May 21. The Varsity Quartet also redereed several numbers on the occasion.

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## DOMES TO BE DISTRIBUTED

Copies of the 1925 *Dome* are to be distributed Wednesday, May 27, according to the announcement of Dennis O'Neill, Editor-in-Chief. There is to be a central distribution point in each of the halls except Brownson and Carroll; subscribers in these two halls are to call at the *Dome* office in the rear of Corby Hall for their copies. Day students will be handled at the Day-Student office.

Students who have subscribed for the *Dome*, but who, by next Wednesday, will not have paid for the subscription, will have to pay cash at the *Dome* office before receiving a copy.

## ENGINEER FROM TWIN BRANCH SPEAKS TO A. I. E. E.

According to the opinion of the most of those present, the meeting of the A. I. E. E. Monday evening, May 27, was one of the best held this year.

The principal speaker of the evening was Mr. Phillips of Sargent and Lundy, a Chicago firm which is building the Twin Branch super-power plant east of Mishawaka. In his talk, in which he gave many incidents from his personal experience, he gave five qualifications for a successful engineer as follows: consecration to life work, experience, work, loyalty and thrift. To many persons these five points would seem to be trite, but Mr. Phillips' interpretation of them was interesting and worthy of consideration; thus an engineers' thrift pertains not so much to financial matters as to the profitable use of time, off the job as well as on the job.

The second speaker was Edward J. Pfister who gave a summary of the thesis work done by Lester J. Wolf and himself. This work included the making of the necessary alterations to change an old type bi-polar series direct current dynamo into a three-phase rotary converter. Mr. Pfister told of the various tests that they made, both before and after making the change, the mechanical changes that were made, and the operating characteristics of the altered machine.

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## THE DOME ELECTIONS

As a result of the elections held Wednesday in the Library, the following men were chosen by the Sophomores to compile the *Dome* for 1926: Editor-in-Chief, Walter Smith, Green Bay, Wisconsin; Business Manager, Mark Nevils, Louisville, Kentucky; Art Editor, Porter Wittich, Joplin, Missouri. All three men are Sophomores in the School of Journalism. It will be necessary for them to start upon their tasks at once in order to properly record the last events of the present scholastic year.

## THE COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

The following program has been announced for the 1925 commencement and alumni reunion:

## FRIDAY, JUNE 12TH—

General Registration of Alumni. Assignment of Rooms.

Alumni Office: 232 Main Building.

10:00 P. M.—Commencement Dance. Harry Denny's Collegians. Hotel Oliver.

## SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH—

General Registration of Alumni. Assignment of Rooms.

Alumni Office: 232 Main Building.

8:00 A. M.—Solemn Requiem Mass for Deceased Alumni. Rev. M. J. Shea, '04, Celebrant. Sacred Heart Church.

9:30 A. M.—Senior Last Visit. Sacred Heart Church.

10:00 A. M.—Class Day Exercises. Washington Hall.

12:00 M.—Alumni Luncheon. Senior and Junior Refectories.

1:30 P. M.—Invitation Track and Field Meet. I. A. C. vs. Notre Dame.

3:00 P. M.—Baseball. Iowa vs. Notre Dame. Cartier Field.

6:00 P. M.—Annual Alumni Dinner. Junior Refectory.

8:00 P. M.—Notre Dame Combined Musical Clubs Concert. Washington Hall.

## SUNDAY, JUNE 14TH—

8:30 A. M.—Academic Procession. Main Building.

9:00 A. M.—Solemn Pontifical Mass. Sacred Heart Church.

Rt. Rev. Samuel Stritch, D.D., Celebrant.

Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D.D., Baccalaureate Sermon.

Music by The Moreau Seminary Choir and University Glee Club.

11:00 A. M.—Senior Flag Raising Exercises. Main Quadrangle.

2:00 P. M.—Annual Meeting of Alumni Association. Washington Hall.

Election of Officers and Trustees.

Election of Alumni to Board of Lay Trustees.

Adoption of new Constitution.

5:00 P. M.—Awarding of Degrees.

Commencement Address by Hon. E. H. Moore, Cleveland. Main Quadrangle.

## CHANGE IN M. A. C.

The Michigan Agricultural College which opened its doors to students on May 13, 1857, has announced that by act of the Michigan State Legislature it has become the Michigan State College of Agriculture and Applied Science on May 13, 1925.

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*Library*

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The following books have been placed in the stacks recently:

Baker, Mrs. J. (T)—Correct English in the School.  
Barret, E. J. B.—New Psychology, How it Aids and Interests.

Bearn, J. B.—Chemistry of Paints, Pigments and Varnishes.

Best News Stories of 1924.

Browning, Robert—An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry, by Hiram Corson.

Burnham, W. H.—Normal Mind and Introduction to Mental Hygiene and the Hygiene of School Instruction.

Conrad, Joseph—The Rover.

Conrad, Joseph—Secret Agent.

Grey, Zane—Desert of Wheat.

Hoffmans, Jean—Philosophie Ee Les Philosophes; Ouvrages Généraux.

Holst, B. P.—International Reference Work.

Howe, H. E.—Chemistry in Industry.

Index Librorum Prohibitorum, 1924 Edition.

Lang, Andrew—Maid of France.

Lee, Tolmon—Funds and Friends.

McGill, A. B.—Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky.

Noyes, Alfred—Some Aspects of Modern Poetry.

Parsons, C. C.—Office Organization and Management.

Randell, Wilfred L.—Michael Farady.

Remington, J. P.—Practice of Pharmacy.

Sortais, Gaston—Manuel De Philosophie.

Spalding, H. S.—Introduction to Social Service.

Sterling, Ada—Jew and Civilization.

Weekley, Ernest—An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English.

Whitehead, A. N.—Principia Mathematica.

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LAETARE MEDAL PRESENTATION

The Laetare Medal will be presented to Dr. Zahm at Washington, D. C., and not at Notre Dame, as was previously announced.

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DANTE CLUB BANQUET

The Dante Club gave a banquet at the LaSalle Hotel on the evening of May 21 at which Philip Lopresti, secretary-elect, presided as toastmaster. Italian music was furnished by Conrad Ochoa, Joseph Prelli and Philip Lopresti. President Celebrezze, a member of this year's graduating class, and Adolph V. Capano, president-elect, spoke interestingly. The program was closed with an address by Father Finnegan, C.S.C., Superior of Holy Cross Seminary.

## FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

In preparation for the month of June, Brother Martin, C.S.C., local arch-promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart, has



issued a beautiful four-color picture of the Sacred Heart reproduced from a strikingly original painting by a Sister of St. Joseph. Undying zeal is the theme of the picture, which represents a heart enveloped in a flame which bursts from a gaping wound in the side. A cross surmounts the heart, a crown of thorns encircles it, and a single drop of blood issues from the wound; and these emblems of the Sacred Passion tell the story of price zeal paid for man's redemption.

The picture will be placed on sale in the halls during the next week. The proceeds of the sale will be used to meet the financial needs of the Apostleship of Prayer in providing the monthly leaflets, morning offering cards, etc.

## THE FRENCH CIRCLE HOLDS FINAL MEETING

*Le Cercle Français* held its final meeting of the present school year last Thursday evening in the parlors of the main building. From the point of view of attendance and enthusiasm displayed the meeting was the most successful since the founding of the club last winter by Professor Antonio Provost, head of the Department of Modern Languages at the University. Sixty-seven members and friends from northern Indiana and southern Michigan were present, and the enthusiasm displayed by all augurs

well for the continued success of the organization.

The program, conducted entirely in French, included piano selections from Chopin by Miss Maude Weber of South Bend, vocal selections by Professor José Corona accompanied by Miss Florence Thompson at the piano, a declamation by John A. Waters, '27, and an interesting *causerie* by Madame Starz, professor of French at St. Mary's. French songs by the assembly and several impromptu talks were followed by *La Marseillaise* and the Star-Spangled Banner which completed the program.

## ENGINEERS' PICNIC IS ENJOYABLE

Tired muscles and aching joints tell the story of the Engineers' picnic at Lake Christiana on Thursday, May 21. In every way the outing was a notable success.

Included on the program was the customary list of events: boating, bathing, horse-shoe pitching, baseball and most important of all, a sumptuous dinner. A team composed of McDonald and Kerwin won the honors in horse-shoe pitching after competing against a brilliant field. In baseball Frank Mayer, an unheralded pitcher, displayed dazzling skill in striking out nine of the fifteen men who faced him. Unfortunately the same Mr. Mayer was himself struck once by the opposing pitcher but being a person of considerable physical development he suffered no serious injury.

The dinner was the last event of the day. And in the words of one of those present "much good food was destroyed." After all had partaken sufficiently the committee on smoking evidenced its originality by passing around corn-cob pipes instead of Harvesters, and immediately a great cloud hovered over the countryside. Then President O'Neill began the speaking program, which under the influence of the corn-cobs, was especially entertaining. Roland Menou in particular exhibited many of the qualities of the foremost orators.

At the close of the dinner the giant blue and gold T-square, which is the symbol of authority within the Engineers' Club, was presented by President O'Neill to next year's officers.



## M'GUIRE WINS PLAY CONTEST

Announcement that Harry McGuire's one-act play, "The Old Man," had won first prize in the Indiana college play-writing contest, sponsored by the Indiana Literary League, was made at Culver Military Academy last Saturday as one of the features of the first annual literary day held jointly by the Indiana Literary League and the Indiana Literary League and the Indiana Society of Chicago.

It will be remembered that "The Old Man" was presented in Washington Hall on Wednesday night, April 29, by a student cast. It was presented again at Culver on Saturday by members of the Culver dramatic classes. Just after this last production, the author Mr. McGuire, was introduced to the audience by George Ade, the famous writer.

The Indiana Literary League's contest was divided into two general classes; college and high school. In the high school division prizes were awarded for the best poem on "the War Dead," the best essay on citizenship and the best cartoon. In the college class prizes were awarded for the best poem and the best one-act play. Miss Elizabeth Reed of St. Mary's Academy won third prize in the cartoon contest for high schools. Philip Rice of Indiana University this year's Rhodes scholar from Indiana, won second prize in the one-act play contest and third prize in the college poetry contest.

Among the notables who were at Culver for the day were Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, William Herschel, poet of *The Indianapolis News*; "Kin" Hubbard, the creator of "Abe Martin;" "Chit" Jackson, cartoonist of *The Indianapolis Star*; Harriet Monroe, editor of "Poetry;" Anna Nicholas, literary editor of the *Indianapolis Star*; Mrs. Pauline Palmer, a Chicago artist; Dr. E. A. Steiner, writer on immigration problems; Lorado Taft, famous sculptor; Rose V. S. Berry, Mary O. Burnett, H. H. Howland, Wallace Rice, George Weymouth, Mrs. Guy McCabe, Mrs. Louise Ayers Garnett and President W. M. Evans, of Valparaiso university.

Col. George T. Buckingham, head of the Indiana Society of Chicago, and W. C.

Bobbs, president of the Indiana Literary league, were in charge of the exercises.

## EDUCATIONAL SEMINAR

The final session of the Educational Seminar, under the direction of Rev. William F. Cunningham, Director of the School of Education, was held in the Library on Monday evening, May 18. The subject under discussion was "The Direction of Our Educational Progress," the material for which was drawn from the President's Report, 1924, Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Many enlightening points were brought out by the study of the report, and following a detailed analysis of it by several members of the Seminar, an open forum was held and general discussion invited.

During the past two months speakers have addressed the Seminar on a series of related subjects. Last week Professor MacGregor, Head of the Department of Sociology, spoke on "School Systems of Germany and New Zealand," and Mr. Sharma, Instructor in the Department of Engineering and Graduate Student in the School of Education, read an interesting paper on "Comparative Study of the School Systems of England and India with that of the United States. On May 4, Mr. G. F. Weber, Principal Boys' Vocational School of South Bend, told of the work which he and his associates are doing in that institution, and the preceding week Miss Helen Dernbach, of the Vocational Guidance Bureau of the South Bend Public Schools spoke of her work, the history of this administrative division of the city's school system, and its accomplishments particularly on the Junior High School level.

Expressions of regret at the closing of the Seminar were manifold, as the year's work has been most engrossing.

## SCHOLASTIC NOTICE

Because Saturday, May 30, is a legal holiday, the SCHOLASTIC will not appear on the campus until the following Wednesday. That issue (June 3) will be the last until the Commencement issue of June 13.

### PLANS FOR K. OF C. DANCE COMPLETED

Complete plans for the dance arranged by the Knights of Columbus were announced during the week by Grand Knight McGuire. May 29 has been definitely decided upon as the date for the formal which will be held at the K. of C. ballroom with Harry Denny's Collegians furnishing the music. The dance will be limited to members of the Order, and tickets will go on sale Monday. Paul Rahe has been appointed general chairman and under his direction several sub-committees are completing final arrangements for decoration and ticket sales.

The final meeting of the year will be held on Tuesday evening with Professor "Pat" Manion addressing the members. At the business meeting, which will precede the speaking, arrangements for a general get-together dinner early in June will be completed. The dinner will act as a substitute for the picnic, which had been intended and will be confined strictly to members of the Council. It is expected that election of officers for the ensuing year will also be held.

The preliminary matches of the golf tournament began Thursday and the first will be completed by Monday, May 25. Four days will be allowed for the completion of the other rounds and the prizes to be awarded in the Grand Knight's flight will be a 20-inch loving cup to the winner and gold and bronze medals to the runners-up. In the Warden's flight a 16-inch loving cup will be offered to the winner with gold and bronze medals to the runners-up. Added interest has been taken in the tournament with the offering of the prizes and final entries showed sixty men who will compete.

### CLASS OFFICERS ELECTED

The election on Friday, May 15, resulted as follows: Class of 1926: President, Francis Bon; Vice-President, Malcolm Knauss; Secretary, Edward Crowe; Treasurer, Roger Nolan. S. A. C. representatives: Arts and Letters, Paul Fleming; Law, Harold Robertson; Science, Worden Kane; Commerce, Paul Johnson; Engineering, Ben

Bourne; Day-Students, Urban Simons.

Class of 1927: President, William Daily; Vice-President, Louis Conroy; Secretary, Joseph Boland; Treasurer, Gerard Le Strange. S. A. C. representatives: one year, Vincent McNally; two year, Daniel Cunningham, James Quinn.

Class of 1928: President, Fred Collins; Vice-President, James O'Toole; Secretary, Pierce O'Connor; Treasurer, Thomas Murphy. S. A. C. representative: John Cavanaugh.

Francis Bon is from Cheyenne, Wyoming, and is a student in the College of Arts and Letters. William Daily is from Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania, and is also a student in the College of Arts and Letters. Fred Collins comes from Portland, Oregon, and is taking Pre-Law.

### JUGGLER NOMINATIONS

Lester Grady, '27, and Donald Wilkins, '27, were nominated for the position of Editor-in-Chief of next year's *Juggler* at a joint meeting of the Senior and Junior classes in the North Room of the Library, Monday noon, May 25.

George Sadlier, '26, was the only man nominated for the position of Business Manager. Wilbur McElroy, '26, the present Art Editor, was likewise the sole nominee for the position he now holds.

In conformity with the rules governing *Juggler* elections, the S.A.C., at its next meeting, will select one of the two nominees for Editor-in-Chief. It will then submit the name of this man, together with the names of Sadlier and McElroy, to the Faculty Board of Publications for final approval.

### S.A.C. MEMBERS TO DINE

The members of the present S.A.C. and the members of the S.A.C. for next year dined in the Turkish Room of the Oliver Hotel Tuesday evening, May 26. The dinner served to acquaint the new men with each other and to give them an insight into the workings of the Council.

# EDITORIAL

## THE NOTRE DAME LAWYER

THERE is a famous little dialogue in which, at intervals, every student of the University is called upon to take part. We will guarantee that it will be run off, word for word, no less than four thousand times during the coming vacation. Here it is:

"What school do you go to?"

"Notre Dame."

"Oh yes. . . you have a great football team, haven't you?"

Now we, of course are not at all loath to admit that we *do* possess a great football team: but sometimes we wonder if, in the end, football is the only meaning that Notre Dame has to the outside mind. Certainly such should not be the case. Notre Dame has scores of activities which are just as worthy, just as deserving of notice. And every one of her activities, from football to the Religious Survey, brings its added bit of credit to Notre Dame and her men.

Word that the faculty and students of the College of Law are planning the publication of a law review next year is, therefore, of particular interest. The law schools of other universities—Michigan, Yale, Columbia, to cite a few—have their magazines of law—journals in which articles by eminent jurists vie in importance with reports on original research work done by students themselves. These publications are recognized as authoritative, up-to-the-minute, important. They carry the fame of their university's law school into circles where such fame is worth much to its graduates. They furnish an incentive for work outside the classroom, and thereby foster the student's interest in the profession to which his life will be given. All these things *The Notre Dame Lawyer* can do for

Notre Dame, as the *Yale Review* does them for Yale.

*The Notre Dame Lawyer* is worthy of the support of every student of the University: it is doubly worthy of the support of every law and pre-law student. Its success or failure will depend largely on the record of its first year. It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm of the law students, who themselves initiated the project, will not cool during the months that elapse between the present and the publication of the first number in October: their interest, their contributions, their subscriptions, their co-operation, are all necessary to insure the attainment of the position to which the magazine aspires.

Things have started with a rush: we hope that a project which promises so much good to Notre Dame and her College of Law will not be allowed to languish. What the future will bring rests with unusual intimacy upon each man affiliated with the law school. Success to *The Notre Dame Lawyer*!

—J. A. W.

## THE FRESHMEN

Last fall the SCHOLASTIC took occasion to criticise certain members of the Freshman class because seemingly they had absorbed none of the traditions and customs of Notre Dame even after a residence of nearly two months here. It was said that one conservative Senior had even characterized the Freshmen as being "slow to learn, apparently uneducated, uncouth, ill-mannered and dumb." The Freshman class as a whole was called upon to clean its soiled name, by suppressing and educating the offending men within its ranks.

The suppressing and educating seem to

have been done well; time has done its work. As the end of the year draws near, one notices that the Freshmen have become almost exemplary in conduct, that they have taken to heart the traditions and customs of Notre Dame. This is gratifying. And one notices, too, that there is a wealth of able men in the Freshman class: orators, debaters, writers, athletes, musicians and, most important of all perhaps, capable leaders. In fact the Class of 1928 is one of the most promising that has entered Notre Dame in recent years. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the Freshmen while predicting that they will do much for the University before they receive their degrees.

—W. R. D.

### THE CAMPUS PUBLICATION

The SCHOLASTIC editors have announced, not altogether without satisfaction, that there will be but one more issue of the SCHOLASTIC this year. This editorial is a word to the campus writers concerning next year's SCHOLASTIC and their part in its publishing.

For a student with ambition to become a writer, the campus publication is the most valuable instrument of instruction. Literature, the production of which should be the aim of every prospective writer, is in its very foundation dependent upon publication. Literature is man speaking to man; it is the product of the impulse of the one to tell others. Literature is published thought. Therefore to the young writer, to the student who has the desire to develop into a man of letters, publication is important, and at this particular time of his life, his time of training and development, the campus publication is most important of all.

The editors of the SCHOLASTIC in their efforts to maintain a high standard of published student work have arrived at many interesting conclusions. Most important, however, is this: until work written for the English class-room is done with a positive view to publication; until the professor of English makes it a duty to develop in his students the "will to write" for publication;

until the SCHOLASTIC shall come into its own as a recognized part of the machinery of education in the training of writers, it cannot fully succeed.

—J. W. S.

### THE ELECTIONS

The efficient manner in which the spring elections were conducted this year is worthy of comment, and praise for those responsible for their arrangement.

The new S. A. C. election rules, as formulated by John Moran, John Tuohy, and John Purcell, were most successful in their initial tryout. There were minor defects in the rules which only actual use could demonstrate, but on the whole, their value and efficiency have been clearly shown. It is safe to say that Notre Dame elections under these regulations will be conducted in an orderly and just manner.

The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the new class officers, S. A. C. representatives, and heads of publications and wishes them every success.

—J. W. S.

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## Funeral Sermon For Rev. Timothy Maher, C. S. C.

REV. THOS. LAHEY, C.S.C., PH.D.

*"He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law."* Romans: 13, 8.

ONE of the most beautiful things about the eternal beauty of God, my dear friends, is the gentleness of His hands. And one of the most consoling features of that gentleness is the fact that we feel it at just such moments when we need it most.

There are exalted periods in the lives of all of us when no comforts are needed, no assistance is looked for, when the soul is afire with effort and the thrill of accomplishment. Then we need little to help us save only the reward and the glory that leads us upward to God. But much more frequently, my friends—much more frequently—we find ourselves stumbling and groping and seeking our help and consolation in the simpler and humbler things of God around us. And so the beautiful mission of these simple things of life—the laughter of little children, the blush of a rose-bud, the relief of a tear, the smile of a friend, the simple ways of a mother. And I don't know, but considering this poor, weak, old human nature of ours and the constant falls of even the best of us—I don't know whether we ever thank God enough for the tender touch of His hands which we so constantly feel in those simpler blessings of life which He scatters so bountifully around us.

This morning we gather to say our last earthly farewell to one who spent the ninety-four years of his life in just this gentle work of spreading the sunshine of God. Father Timothy Maher was born in Ireland in 1831 and in 1856 came to America and took the Holy Cross habit as Brother John Chrysostom. The needs of his time demanded priests, however, and with that simple adaptability which so characterized his life he took up his theological studies and in 1869 was ordained priest. From that time onward until he was well nigh ninety years old, he assisted the growth of the University in many ways but particularly in the two major offices of Postmaster and Secretary to the University.

To attempt to picture accurately Father Maher's contribution to Notre Dame's

growth would be to offend that delicate modesty which was always his during life, and I think that modesty ought to be respected also in death. But there's one thing which is ours, about which, I think, we ought to speak here. God gave him his laughter as he gave the perfume to the flower, and those of us who have fed our very souls upon that laughter do not want it to be stilled even here in this church in the presence of his now silent body. For somehow, now that we look back at it—there was something holy about his cheerfulness, and we can feel the gentle touch of God's hands in the happy faces that always surrounded this simple old priest of His vineyard.

When that old man of God thumbed his rosary as his Irish mother had taught him, when he pored over the record of saintly lives in his spiritual reading, when he busied himself at his work in the office, when he carried his ninety years to the altar in the dark of the morning—those were his hours and God's and woe to the disturber at those times. Those were his hours and God's and we know how entirely he gave them to God and how well God received them. But when he came away from his rosary and his books and his work and his altar and when he literally laughed his way through the every-day life of the refectory and the recreation room and the campus into the very hearts of his fellow workers—then he was ours, then God was giving back unto us through this simple old soul lessons too delicate and too deep for the preacher's voice or the writer's words to express.

And it is a beautiful memory to hold of this simple servant of God that he did his best preaching and his best teaching in that part of God's vineyard where preachers and teachers are least welcome—in the refectory, in the recreation room, on the walks of the campus—and he did so largely without words by the simple, the silent, but oh the almost infallible way of the kindly smile. I know that there are thousands of dark hours that might have been which will carry their brightness forever because of him, that there are unkind words innu-

merable that have never been spoken because they could not live in his presence. I know that many eyes have looked through the kindly spectacles of his gentle old eyes and have got a new vision of life, that many hearts have caught the kindness of his old heart and have found a new meaning in the Master's words, "Little children, love one another."

Oh, it was no accident that kept those old eyes shrewd and those old ears sharp and that laughter mellow—long after their use had departed from others. These were the very tools of Father Maher's apostleship of good cheer during life, and well did he use them in the Master's service.

Father Maher went from us with the same cheerful simplicity with which he lived during life. He left no great work after him which can be appraised by human eyes or measured by human standards, but that would have bothered him least of all.

The greatest things in all life after all are the things that you can't touch or see or taste—the patriotism of a people, the love of a mother, the power of a smile leaping from the heart of a simple, Godly old man and firing the hearts of a community. God bless old Father Maher! The days were brighter and happier and holier for his presence—and God will reward him for that.

And one last word. We who are the heirs of his holy cheerfulness—and we all are in some way or another—let us do now what Father Maher would want us to do: let us ask God to look lightly on our old friend's imperfections; and let us resolve that we too will try to follow his Apostleship of good cheer by bringing the gentle touch of God's hand and the warmth of God's sunshine into that all too barren part of His vineyard—our every-day contact with others.



#### OUR HELP

At times when all's against you,  
When troubles make you blue,  
When sunshine that's forgotten,  
Makes things look black to you,  
When flowers have lost their fragrance,  
And joys you cannot see,  
When only He can help you,  
Then, say the Rosary.

—M. H.

## Amy Lowell Passes Away

WALTER H. LAYNE, '28

LATELY the newspapers throughout the country carried a notice of the death of Amy Lowell. To the ordinary reader this mere bit of news meant little; but to those who have been fortunate enough to be numbered among her audience of readers, or better yet, who have been able to attend one of her numerous lectures, the death of this outstanding literary figure was like the falling of a rose from a rosebush that was not laden too heavily with buds. To them it was the passing of one of the most energetic and influential characters in modern American literature. Amy Lowell had labored for the past twenty-five years in the cause of the advancement of literature in this country; and now her Master, seeing that her task had been accomplished, and that it had been well done, called her home.

Amy Lowell was a distant relative of James Russell Lowell and a sister of President Lowell of Harvard University and Percival Lowell, the astronomer. Miss Lowell was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1874. She inherited the indubitable traditions of New England as well as those of the old line of Massachusetts Lawrences and Lowells. She was educated in private schools. Most of her knowledge, however, was gained through travel in all parts of the world. Among the countries that she visited, and was especially interested in, were Greece, Turkey, and Egypt. She spent several years in American universities and was awarded the Phi Beta Kappa key by Columbia.

Unlike most of our successful poets, Miss Lowell did not decide upon her life work until she was twenty-eight years old. She began to study poetry at an age when Keats' and Shelley's careers were over. The next eight years of her life were spent entirely in the study of verse technique. At an age when Byron died, Miss Lowell published her first poem in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

After the publication of her first poem

in 1910, Miss Lowell's life was an exceedingly active one. She worked diligently at her tasks and her rewards were many. She has been a poet of amazing range, a brilliant critic, a writer of colorful lyrics, and her delicate adaptations from the Chinese have added to her fame. As an experimenter, she has met success at every turn; and she is the inventor of the new verse form, polyphonic prose. But her experiments have not diminished her productions, as we shall see when we look at her published books.

Only when one looks at the works of this writer can he appreciate her versatility. Her first volume of poetry, "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass," which was published in 1912, was no more than one would expect from the pen of the average gifted and studious writer. There was no one brilliant poem that stood out from the rest. Here and there throughout the book one could see the influence that Tennyson and Keats had played on her work. Her second volume was much better and it showed that Miss Lowell had become an experimenter. For in "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," the first of her work in imagist poetry appeared. Probably her best work in criticism is found in "Tendencies In Modern Poetry," which was published in 1917. In this volume Miss Lowell gives us some careful and interesting studies of the greatest contemporary American poets. In 1921 she collaborated with Florence Ayscough and gave us, "Translations From the Chinese." The crowning achievement of her life, however, came during the present year when she published her "Life of John Keats." This work is a great contribution to the literature of America and is one of the finest biographies of all time. Keats was Miss Lowell's favorite poet and in this study she has covered every phase of his short life.

Amy Lowell has fulfilled her mission and has left this world. But her literary treasures will last for all time, and in them she will live and be immortal.



## Grass

JOHN KING MUSSIO

NATURE'S proud answer to the azure skies is her verdant shawl of grass. What ugliness would flaunt itself before our eyes did not this green fan obscure it from view! Bare is the earth, barren the hills, cold seems the wayside and repulsive are the river-banks without this magic carpet. Without grass nature's other gems would lose their radiant lustre. Imagine, if you can, the ruby rose, the sweet scented lilac, the sky-reflecting violet or those stars of earth's green sky, the dandelions—imagine, I say, how ghastly they would seem against a background of yellow clay. Grass is a setting which brings forth the warmth, the richness, the throbbing life of nature's jewels. A herald of a new-born season it is; in its sweet smelling greenness we find promise of what is to come both from the barren limbs of the trees and the nervous buds of the bushes. The god of Spring is awakened from his heavy slumber by the prickling fingers of this early riser. If there was no grass to tint the pallied cheeks of earth, to reveal to the skylark's view a rich background for nature's delicate designs, to call the robin back again and to chase with a sleeping laugh the southern breeze, then there would be no Spring.

Grass, like a brooding hen, covers the flowers and the insects with her motherly wing. If we stoop down low and part this green veil we will see the many things that have found security and peace hidden from the common gaze. Violets, blue-bells, lilies of the valley, dandelions and myriads of little white and blue flowers peep up at us from this moss-like down. Now a frog, frightened by some invader, will hop into view only to find refuge in some thicker plumage of this grassy wing. Even the old turtle loves to wend his way through the cool, fresh blades which seem to bow so gladly at his approach. The creatures of the air, too, are enticed from their carefree soaring to taste of this delightful comfort. And then let us remember that dew, the nec-

tar of poets, the jewel of the morn, the tear of departing night, out of all nature's fair children chooses the caress of a blade of grass.

What joy the animals of God's creation receive from the green! Even now I can see the dog rolling about, twisting and squirming as the grassy blades playfully jab him at every turn. Nor can the huge horse resist the temptation to fall on this downy cushion. And there on the hillside we can see the cows perfectly contented as they lie on the moist cool grass. Why even the snake, considered by mankind as a hateful reptile, finds love in his heart for this daughter of nature and defends her with his stinging sword against an aggressor.

What a true friend of nature's creatures is the grass! Willingly does it lay down its life for their sake; that they may live it sacrifice itself. The cows and the horses would perish without the grass. When the dog feels sick he runs to the only mother that he knows, the only doctor he can really trust—a blade of grass. If mankind would learn true altruism then let it consider the grass. Nor do the animals disparage this kindness but return it as best they can. All day with head bent low they converse with their little friend and then as eve approaches they seem to nod a fond farewell. Even cool night as he shades the sun, covers the grass with a blanket of white. All nature loves this child of earth.

How indispensable seems the grass to the life of man! Have you ever realized what it has meant or might mean in your life? When you could pluck the daisy without stooping the green was your playground. You rolled on it, thoughtlessly pulled it up, threw it, made whistles with it, even chewed its ends. Oh the exquisite delight you experienced in boyhood as you padded barefooted over the cool lawn. It tickled you and you laughed in youth's carefree way. Then came the age of dreams and love. There on a grassy knoll you watched the white sky-ships go sailing by and there per-



haps you dreamed. There too youth has pledged his love and the only ears that heard were those of the friendly grass. Now perhaps you are old. Out into the scenes of your childhood you wander trying to relive your life again. You look about but your heart grieves at the change. Houses have crumbled, flowers have wilted, trees have been cut or blown down; even life has moved on and taken those you loved. In an agony of despair you turn into the meadow and there you find old faithful beckoning to you as it did long years ago. With a sob you fall into nature's lap, you

breathe deep the grass' perfume, you close your eyes and in the ecstasy of being in that old familiar spot you are carried back to your childhood days. In defiance of time and life once more you are young. No more does grass seem a common thing, you realize that it has a message; no more do you thoughtlessly toss it about but see in it a link of the present with the past. In its proper light grass elevates your thoughts, you see in its beauty, in its service to all, in its comforting presence a reflection of Him who gave it its place in creation. You realize how great the good God is.

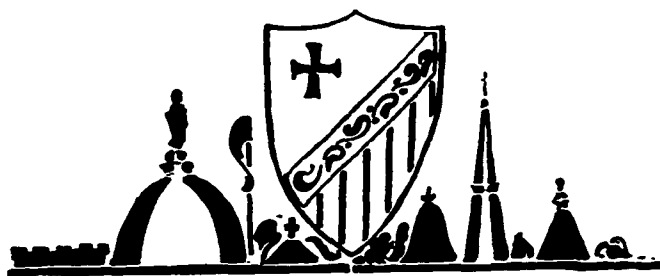


### THE THINKER

Shame does not ground his gaze,  
 Age has not bowed his head;  
 He is not seeking something lost  
 Nor mourning someone dead. . . .

And yet he walks the path of Spring  
 Ignoring all its views,  
 Watching two baggy trouser legs  
 Sag on a pair of shoes.

—ANSELM MILLER, '25



*The Beloved Tree*

LESTER C. GRADY, '27

"What kind of a cigar is that you have there?"

"La Calla, Tom. Pretty good."

"Smells nice."

"Tastes better. Can't say I ever smoked a brand I like as well."

"La Calla? Never heard of it before."

"Well, I'll tell you, Tom, it's a new one on the market. The Club here has only had it in stock for, oh—about a month. It'll become popular, though. Here Tom, throw away that cigarette you have and try this one. Come on. Here. That's it."

"Thanks, Will."

"Here's a light. I know you'll enjoy it. I can see the smile coming on your face already. You blow that smoke out as if you were pleased."

"Yes, a good cigar—now for a good story. They both go together so nicely. Have you heard any lately, Tom? I haven't."

"Not a one; but there's old gray-haired Halkins over there leaning against the mantel piece."

"Where?"

"Against the mantel piece."

"So it is. I'll call him."

"Go ahead."

"Mr. Halkins!"

"He didn't hear you."

"Mr. Halkins!, oh, Mr. Halkins!!"

"He's turning."

"Good evening, Mr. Halkins. Come over and join us, won't you?—Pull up a chair for him, Tom.—We were just wishing for a story to accompany our smoke."

"You were, eh? Well."

"Tom says you surely could oblige us."

"He did, eh? Well."

"Sit here, Mr. Halkins. There—that's it. Now you look comfortable. Have a cigar. They're—"

"No thanks, Will, I have one here. Always smoke the same brand, La Calla."

"Well! So do I. Tom here should turn convert soon. Take a light, Mr. Halkins."

"Yes, yes — — Much obliged."

"Now for a story."

"Yes, Mr. Halkins, a story from you and the evening will be well spent."

"Now, now, Will. No flattery. A story, eh? Well. Lets think. Let me think—yes, yes—that's the one, that's the very one. And it's true."

"Let's have it, Mr. Halkins."

"Not very long, boys. A few words will tell it, but, I'll tell it, eh?"

"Surely, Mr. Halkins."

"Why of course."

"Years ago an uncle of mine was one of the many that got into the rush of the Forty Niners to California. He couldn't rush very much, for Uncle Ben must have been nearly fifty four years old at the time. It wasn't the gold he went after, like the rest of them, he had more than he wanted as it was. It was a peculiar kind of lust, you might call it, that he had for nature which caused his going. Why, he actually lived by feasting his eyes on the work of nature, especially beautiful trees."

"He had been told that California was blessed with trees and he set out for that state just about the time of the gold rush. Yes, he went to California and settled in a place called Stockton, situated in the San Joaquin valley, at the head of the San Joaquin river. Trees were in abundance around the little city, all kinds of them."

"Uncle Ben called it a seventh heaven. He was perfectly contented. His admiration for the trees was even greater than his love for his fellow beings. He would sit for hours studying the trees, praising them, speaking to them, and then, he would leave the trees. A smile would come upon Uncle Ben's face as he left them, for he would be back soon in their presence."

"There was one tree that he became attached to more than the others. It was his favorite. Most of his time was spent idolizing this particular tree. A day did not pass that Uncle Ben did not go to see it."

"Stockton was a city of cloth tents and houses sprung up as if by magic. A fire

broke out not long after his arrival and the "linen city" as it was then called was swept away. The fire did not harm the trees one bit, and he was so happy. Almost before the ruins had ceased smouldering a newer Stockton was being erected—but this time entirely of wood."

"They cut down the trees he loved so to build it?"

"They did, Tom, cut down most all of them, and it hurt the old man as if he had lost an only child. That one tree he loved so much more than the others was never touched. He wouldn't let them. Guarded it night and day. It weakened him so, he became sick and had to give up and rest awhile."

"He didn't leave California?"

"No, stayed right in Stockton. They told him the tree would not be harmed and when he became well he could go see it again. Wasn't long before Uncle Ben was able to leave his sick bed. He went right to the place where the tree stood. It wasn't there. It had been chopped down. He cried like a baby. Nearly lost his mind. Old men don't usually become hysterical, but he did. They told him a lumber company had bought the land, chopped the tree down and taken it away. It wouldn't be used for a

house in Stockton. It would be made into furniture they told him."

"The poor fellow. He lost his mind, I suppose?"

"No, not entirely, Will, only partly. He began spending his money—and he had lots of it—buying all kinds of furniture that he thought might have been made from the tree he loved so much. Uncle Ben never became convinced that he had bought a piece of furniture made from the tree. Once he believed a certain chair was made from it, but a little investigation on his part, showed his belief to be wrong. People pitied him. Anyone would."

"What finally happened to him?"

"He spent all his money buying up furniture and never got anything made from the tree. It really was an absurd search, nevertheless people never told him so. It was all that kept him alive. After his money was spent, his health—the little he did have—disappeared and Uncle Ben couldn't fight off death. His funeral was simple. The city paid the expense. And what do you suppose happened?"

"He was buried in a coffin made from the tree?"

"He was, Tom."



#### A QUESTION

As I walk the paths in the moonlight,  
As I stroll 'neath the darkened sky  
And look at the star-set heavens,  
I often wonder why  
A person should wish for the morning,  
A gray and gelid sight,  
When he has summer's evening  
And the moon's soft mellow light.

—A. STENIUS, '28

*All in the Wash*

LEO J. M'CAULEY, '27

KENNETH ARTHUR WALLINGFORD was all that his name did not imply. His tender parents had no conception of what the Fates had in store for him or else they would have done better by him in the way of christening. To begin with Kenneth played baseball and chewed tobacco. Furthermore he had the distressing habit of spitting tobacco juice on his glove and right hand, and then gleefully rubbing them on the shirt and trousers of his uniform. Kenneth revelled in a dirty uniform; it aided his batting eye, he said. But it certainly disgusted the fair maiden in the laundry.

Towards the middle of the season Kenneth was playing good ball for Middleton, and he decided his uniform needed the aid of the Dutch Cleanser Twins, so he sent it to the Ideal laundry. By this time of the year the maid had learned to loath and despise No. 750 from Middleton, so she did an unethical but intensely human thing; she shirked the job, and thrust the all but reeking suit into a new and dainty bag that lay nearby.

"For heaven's sake" she muttered, "I ain't no wet wash machine."

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Now the Ideal Laundry catered to the exclusive Carleton College for girls, situated on the banks of the river, about a quarter of a mile from Middleton. Among the elite of the school was one, Janet Williams, a blonde damsel of Irish descent, who boasted—and not vainly—beauty and a temper. On a very fine Saturday afternoon, Janet decided, with a woman's prerogative, to rearrange her room and put away the laundry that had just returned.

"Heavens" she screamed, "What is this?"

"Looks like a plumber's overalls," remark Ella, her roommate, who was plain, witty and therefore disliked.

As has been stated before, Janet boasted beauty and a temper. The latter now appeared rather to the acceleration of the

former. All lovely women are lovelier when angry, at least so the stories say.

"Why, this is a disgrace," she denounced, irately, her blue eyes flashing. "I'll go down and see about it this afternoon, and I'll certainly give those people a piece of my mind."

Here she sniffed daintily, and fingered the soiled garments questioningly.

In the meantime Kenneth Arthur had decided that clean duds would be necessary for the afternoon's encounter, at least so he told "Spike" Grogan, his "bunkie," as he busied himself opening his laundry bag, in front of the gang assembled in Annex 105.

"And, gentlemen, watch me hit 'em this afternoon," he chortled.

"Just watch me when I get this on," he shouted, dumping the bag upside down, and spreading all of Janet's dainty laundry on the floor before the eyes of his aghast male audience.

Kenneth's jaw dropped a foot, and he flushed to the roots of his hair when he saw the melee of filmy silks fall to the floor, and heard the gale of laughter that burst from his buddies.

"Fuh cat's sake," he muttered.

"Oh," groaned 'Spike' when he regained his ability to speak. "Wait till we see you hit 'em when you doll up in them."

"Yes," chimed Fogarty, "you'll star like the front row of Ziegfield's when you step out at short stop in that outfit."

"If mummer could only see you, Kenneth dear."

"Aw, pipe down," grumbled Kenneth, replacing the contents of the bag, gingerly. "I'll hit a few today to spite yuh."

---

Hit 'em he did, but at five sharp, just before closing time, he dashed into the Ideal Laundry with the despised bag under his arm. However, there was a complainant ahead of him, and he sidled up close to look at her.

"Wow," he whistled, "a blonde—and

class."

When the girl finally came over to him Kenneth ruffled and growled:

"What's the idea of sending a 'He-Man' an outfit like this?"

The girl picked up the bag and examined the contents.

"Why, madam," she exclaimed, turning to the lady at the counter, "here are your things."

Janet, for that was who it was, crossed over, indignation in her eyes.

"Yes," she said, coloring, "these are mine, and I suppose, these are yours," (to Jimmie).

She thrust the discolored uniform in his hands, summoning as much scorn as she

could into her eyes for a young man who used tobacco.

"Yes, ma'am," said Kenneth, "they are mine."

Janet looked at him, reluctantly, (Kenneth was not hard on the female eye); "You ought to be spanked for having a suit like that," she said, "what were you doing, cleaning sewers?"

"No ma'am" replied Kenneth, "I was playing ball."

A few minutes later they were walking out of the shop, talking and laughing.

"But can I really come and see you," he questioned eagerly.

Janet laughed—"Yes," she replied, "but don't bring any tobacco!"



## *In Re: Onions*

JOHN F. O'DONNELL, '26

**O**DOROUS bulb, I hail you! Innocent victim of the soup pot, I pity you! Globular vegetable, perfume of breaths, outlaw of society, I have selected myself to inform you that you have not yet passed from the thoughts of men!

Nature is a good Mother. She gives us sweets and bitters and sours—and the onion. Many think that the onion's assets (if any) are metaphysical. It is the one vegetable that everyone frowns upon. Like the sardine it is of the world plebeian. People fear the onion because of its potency in respect to breaths. And those who harbor this fear miss one of Nature's tastiest boons.

The onion is available to all. It comes even in three sizes: the pocket size, or spring onion; the one meal or winter onion; and the family size, or Bermuda onion. Think how fine it would be if financiers took from their pockets spring onions instead of fat cigars; or if men went about golf courses rolling onions about their mouths instead of panetelas?

When the soup has a flavor about it that makes you cock your head in attempt to place "that queerly delightful taste," give

praise to the onion! The onion book says that when cooked, the subject of this essay loses much of its potency. This trick played on the onion is as bad as that played on Samson by Delilah. To conquer it, man has to throw the onion into a steaming emulsion so that he will not show, or rather blow, the effects of the battle.

Not everyone knows that the onion is of the same family as lilacs. The best of dictionaries say that the onion is of the family "Lilaceae," which is merely Vergil's way of speaking of lilacs. Still the onion has a regular name. It is called "Allium Cepa." You haven't a name like that.

The onion is nature's attestation to the geometric axiom about the straight line and the distance between two points. The onion grows towards Heaven. It is self reliant. Nature made it so. It can stand alone. The bean vine must have a pole to climb. The cucumber sprawls all over the ground. The tomato isn't much better. The potato is an underground vegetable; you must even dig for it. But the onion stands erect, confident, strong!

## The Choice

EDWIN A. BERKERY, '27.

JIMMIE DUGAN ran along the hall trying the doors. At last one yielded and he threw it wide. In the gathering twilight he saw the room was empty. He entered and closed the door softly behind him.

Jimmie crossed to the window, and keeping himself concealed, carefully raised it. The noise from below was borne up to him and as he peered forth he saw two policemen round the corner and come down the street followed by a small crowd of excitement-seekers. He dropped back on the floor and gave way to his thoughts. He was in a fine fix. Pursued by the police and in a strange part of town, Jimmie knew that if he were caught it would go hard with him. He had violated his parole and had attacked Fritz Reuther, the political leader on this side of the town. He had fought fair with Reuther but no one would believe that Jimmie Dugan of the South Side could hand "Bruiser" Reuther, boss of the East Side, a fair licking.

The sound of footsteps in the hall awoke him from his reverie and caused him to slink back in a corner far from the door. The footsteps paused and Jimmie lay with bated breath.

"Well, Tim, it looks as though he has given us the slip," a voice in the hall proclaimed.

"By the Lord! Pat, Reuther will be sore about this. He wanted to railroad that smart guy this time and he had the goods on him too." "Well, I guess we might as well go back and report to the boss that he got away," replied a second voice.

Jimmie heard the sound of retreating footsteps and then all was still. After laying quiet for some time Jimmie arose. He had decided what he would do. He would skip over to the Jersey side for a few weeks and let this trouble blow over, and then when it was safe he would return to the gang.

As darkness descended Jimmie left his hiding place and passed swiftly through the squalid tenement section. He headed for the ferries but as he approached he became wary and slid into a doorway from where he could command a view of the ferry-sheds and the people entering them. His caution was soon

rewarded and he spotted Dan Sullivan of the Detective Bureau with two of his assistants eagerly scanning the incoming crowds. For the moment Jimmie was puzzled, but an idea occurred to him and he hurried up Front street until he came to a large livery stable. As Jimmie entered through the driveway a man stepped out of the office and approached.

"Hello, Charley," Jimmie called.

"That you, Jimmie," replied the man, addressed as Charley.

"Hey, Charley," continued Jimmie, "the dicks are after me and they have the ferries watched. I want to get across the River. Have you anything going over in the morning?"

"Sure, Jimmie, I got a big van going over in the morning for a load," replied Charley. "Here I'll show it to you and you can crawl in and go to sleep."

Jimmie followed the stable-boss past a row of wagons and finally came to a big, closed, moving van.

"This will be the berries, Charley," he concluded as he crawled in and arranged the furniture covers preparatory to going to sleep.

Jimmie awoke next morning to the rumble of the wagon on a cobbled street. He crawled to the rear of the van and peeped through the crack in the doors. The van was wheeling into line to wait for the ferry-boat and after a short time Jimmie felt it moving again and once more took his place in the rear, peeping through the crack in the doors. The van trundled down the runway and Jimmie saw two plain-clothes men on duty scanning the face of everyone who entered. Jimmie could not forego a chuckle as he realized how he had outwitted his old enemy, the police.

When he felt sure the boat was in motion, Jimmie reached up and unlocked the doors and leaped to the deck. He made his way forward and stood leaning on the rail. It was a gray, damp morning with a slight mist hanging over the river. Out of the mist on his left appeared the forbidding buttresses and massive stone wall of the prison on Blackwell's Island. A shudder passed over him as he remembered the time he had

served there and what would happen if he were sent back.

The boat by now was in mid-stream and was directly abreast of the Island. Jimmie was about to return to his hiding-place. Suddenly from the upper deck he heard a shrill scream; raising his eyes, Jimmie saw a woman with a young baby in her arms mount the rail of the boat, and as he watched, she leaped and disappeared in the dirty water of the river. Jimmie stood as if in a trance and then in a moment the woman and the baby appeared on the surface of the water and then sank again. It was but the work of a moment for Jimmie to pull off his coat and slip off his shoes and dive over the rail into the river. As Jimmie rose to the surface after his dive he saw the baby reappear alone. A few swift strokes and Jimmie reached the child and then turned to see where the boat had drifted. When he looked he could not believe his eyes. The boat after beginning to put about had resumed its course and continued its journey towards the Jersey shore. But looking about him he saw a row-boat, rapidly bearing down upon him, manned by two guards from Blackwell's Island. Then Jimmie understood why the ferry-boat had resumed its course. The pilot seeing the small boat put off from the Island realized that it would reach Jimmie before he could bring the heavy ferry about and so he had continued on his way.

The small boat drew alongside and the now exhausted swimmer handed the baby into the arms of the guards and clambered in himself. He sat in the stern resting his head upon his hands, deaf to the words of praise poured upon him by the two guards, thinking of what a fool he had been to toss away his chance of freedom for a little brat.

"Oh God!" he muttered, when he thought of his return to the life on the Island. He raised his head and as he did he saw the baby that he had rescued. The infant looked at him, blinked, and then over its chubby

features a smile spread. Jimmie sat and stared and then slowly he too, grinned. The baby seeing him respond, stretched forth its tiny arms and cooed at him. Jimmie reached over and took the youngster from the guard and as he felt the little fingers grasp and tighten about one of his own, an unexplainable thrill gripped him.

The row-boat reached the Island and willing hands assisted Jimmie and his burden to alight. A messenger arrived and said that the warden was awaiting them in his office. Jimmie dumbly acknowledged the praise showered upon him by those on the island who had witnessed the rescue, and silently approached the warden's office, conscious only of that grip upon his finger and the strange feelings that were tugging at his heart.

When Jimmie entered the office the warden had his back towards the door.

"That was a heroic deed you performed out there," he began and then as he swung around in his chair, he stared and exclaimed:

"My God! Dugan, it was you." Jimmie nodded but did not speak.

The warden continued, "Well, Dugan, your act just now is deserving of a better reward but you are listed here as a parole jumper and although I am sorry, I am afraid that I cannot reward you as I would like. You have still six months to serve of that sentence." The warden turned and pressed a button and in a few minutes a guard entered.

"Call a matron to look after this baby and then take this man to a cell," ordered the warden.

That evening as dusk descended Jimmie stood in his cell looking out across the river to where the lights of the city were beginning to twinkle in the gathering gloom, Jimmie was thinking and as he thought, he muttered:

"Oh, hell! Six months ain't long and I couldn't let the little brat drown."



# BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

ARROWSMITH. —By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

This is Sinclair Lewis's first contribution to contemporary letters in two years—since "Babbit" appeared. "Arrowsmith" may be classified technically an action story in which is woven four powerful figures, Martin Arrowsmith, Leora, Gottlieb and Sondelius. Geographically it covers a large territory from the sandy reaches of Minnesota to the pest infested island of St. Hubert in the South Pacific.

The book is replete with medical phraseology and technical descriptions of experiments which are beyond the ken of non-specialist or lay mind. Mr. Lewis has collaborated with a member of the medical profession in the making of this novel and was wary of falling into the conventional "Craig Kennedy" treatment of scientific experimentation. His method is realistic. An obviously fictitious account of a doctor fighting a plague-ridden island and conquering the disease by an original curative, which was to astonish the scientific world, would have marred his work.

Arrowsmith discovers this curative for plague after many years of arduous research and upon the completion of his experiment he finds that he has only duplicated the work of a French fellow-scientist. His friend, Gottlieb, reproaches him for his despairing attitude after this blow and presents to him the alternatives of quitting his work or write a letter of congratulation to the Frenchman. Here is the occasion for Arrowsmith to show his mettle and Mr. Lewis handles the situation as only a writer of his attainments can. The reader instinctively feels for Arrowsmith in the crucial struggle and from this point on Arrowsmith's courage and sincerity are unquestioned.

Leora, the wife of Arrowsmith, is a very simple and uncultivated woman. She is good and true and tries to understand her husband. But she realizes that she is laboring in spheres far beyond her comprehension and contents herself with remaining at home and fulfilling the duties of reliable domestic. For him she is a satisfactory companion. She stands as a buffer between his rebuffs and disappointments. Her only reward is a form of neglect which a more sensitive woman could not bear. But hatred is the inevitable product of such a union

and but for the almost continuous absence of Arrowsmith from home, separation would have come before fate brings it about by the death of Leora.

Science for its own sake and the old tale of merit inadequately rewarded in the theme of "Arrowsmith." Martin ever strives with his face towards the clouds. He tries to commercialize himself but he is not of the stuff that can be tainted.

The book, like its predecessors, "Main Street" and "Babbit," is remarkable for its subtle and clever satire. The medical profession, as it is commonly reflected in community boards of health and similar institutions, is painted for us by Mr. Lewis so that its obvious absurdities (and their name is legion) appear in their true colors. Like Dickens in "Bleak House," who condemned the legal profession and the prevailing system of English inheritance laws, Sinclair Lewis has become sickened by the spectacle of the crude forces at work in the health preserving institutions that hold forth in every hamlet and municipality of the country." Arrowsmith" severely berates the doctor who has no scientific bearing; it hits the elaborately fixtured clinics which cater to the imagined sufferings of the wealthy; it calls by his proper name the "Health Director" (or is it the "Director of Public Hygiene"), with his inane "health campaigns", who is ever willing to permit his personal greed to rise above his sense of duty to the people whom he is employed to safeguard.

\* \* \* \* \*

"HULING'S QUEST," by McCready Huston, of the South Bend *Tribune*, is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York during the coming fall. The author has spoken on a number of occasions to THE SCRIBBLERS and encouraged the publication of *The Scribblers Book of Notre Dame Verse*. Mr. Huston has written a number of short stories that have appeared in Scribner's, the *Red Book* and the *Blue Book*. Current are "Shingle Bob," in June *Red Book* and "Wrath" in May *Scribner's*. He has also written satire for *Life*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Harper's Country Gentleman*, and other publications. "HULINGS' QUEST" will be Mr. Huston's first novel. Watch for this in the fall!

—THOMAS A. BURKE, '26.



## Gold in His Backyard

WILLIAM L. DAILY, '27.

FOR ten years Jim had climbed—cleverly. At twenty-two he had forsaken the village hamlet (and his girl) as socially inadequate and had sought the larger fields of New York. He had been successful in a measure, for ten years of persistent effort coupled with a pleasing personality and a handsome face are bound to bring results. And where these were insufficient, subtle flattery or servile homage usually prevailed. Just why he was a climber would be difficult to say. It was not that a firmly established place in respectable society was so desirable to him, but rather that he loved to bask in the brilliance of those fluorescent persons "who are."

Still his success had been lacking. Although he had been able to secure an entrée into some of the best circles he had not been able to scale the forbidding walls that surrounded the inner sanctum. Those grey walls had withstood the battering-ram of his persistence for years. No stone had been left untampered yet a near approach had been his only reward. But last week fate had been kind in sending him an impoverished blue-blood who was willing to commercialize his name. Jim hated to do such a thing. It made him feel like a sneak-thief, yet he had been trying for so long and had been disappointed so often that the desire had become an obsession. So he sacrificed his scruples and his dollars for an invitation to the Van Heusen reception. Also the fact that the reception was to be given in honor of Mademoiselle Octave Allegro had helped his decision. An opportunity to meet such a personage meant more to Jim than a year of his life.

This Mademoiselle Octave was something of a mystery. Little was known about her; her ancestry was unknown; her nationality was open to conjecture. What was definite about her was that she was unbelievably beautiful and that she, in the past operatic season, had subjected all Europe with her bird-like voice. This was her first visit to

America, as far as could be learned, and it was expected that this country would also succumb to her charm. Her smile was as famous as her voice. It was said that when she smiled all else was forgotten—it was her passport to all hearts. A woman on receiving it wanted instantly to make her a confidante, while a man would egotistically feel that he had found favor in her eyes. Jim decided that he must be one of those fortunate enough to meet her. That was final.

The days before the reception passed slowly for him but they passed as all days usually do and now the time was at hand. Often that day he became decidedly nervous and his usual easy manner deserted him. But when the actual moment was upon him his poise returned and he was ready for the greatest occasion of his life.

He was received among the late comers at the Van Heusen mansion and was immediately ushered into the reception hall. Here Jim looked about him in awe. Never had he seen such a resplendent and palatial room. The high panelled walls were faced with gathered drapes—soft and golden. Suspended from the vaulted ceiling were chandeliers of rare beauty. The magnificence of it all was so striking to him that he was scarce aware of the gorgeously gowned women and dignified men about him. He stood for a moment; then rebuked himself for wasting time that should be spent in arranging for a presentation to the guest of honor.

He found many acquaintances there, and these he approached. But none seemed to be in a position to present him. Finally, he had exhausted his store of friends and, driven to any extreme, was on the verge of accosting a dignified stranger when the clarion voice of a liveried servant filled the room and choked into silence the murmur of voices:

"Mademoiselle Octave Allegro."

A shuffle of feet as the crowd instinctively moved nearer the wide staircase. A moment

of silence, charged with expectancy—then he saw her and she smiled. His eyes widened—his jaw dropped. Then Jim did a strange thing. He took his small diary from his pocket, scribbled, "Lost—a pearl," turned

on his heel and left the house.

For Mademoiselle Octave Allegro was Mary White whom he had left ten years ago with a promise to return.

## Pictures

M. C.

WHEN primitive man killed a dinosaur, he desired to leave some record that posterity might know of his achievement. Thereupon he invented the picture to adorn the mountain side with crude and marvelous portrayals of animals and bristling clubs. Generations before, Eve, chancing upon her own reflection in a clear fountain of Paradise, had made the first charming picture. Since then the world has been deluged with pictures—painted pictures, carved pictures, sacred pictures—pictures of every description have come to hold a place in the life of man.

There is the humble family album. What a store of memories those cracked leather covers inclose! Smiling cherubs, clothed in chaste nudity, repose on great bear skins and exhibit wonderful pink toes, most wonderful to themselves. Little boys with bangs carefully combed down over their eyes, proudly exhibit their first suspenders and pants, and stare boldly out into a strange world. Lassies with great hair ribbons and starchy, lacy dresses, stand on thin legs and smile forth most miserably. Picnic pictures, pictures of college youths in catchy poses, pictures of father and mother at Niagara Falls; the ancestral album is truly the family chronicle.

Who des not love the stately majesty of the art gallery? Rows and rows of wondrous pictures, products of man seeking truth and beauty. Here the lowly picture on the mountain side has reached a supreme development. Man has sought the heavens and reproduced the blue sky he has found there. Pictures of the sea, of beautiful sirens breasting the waves, of ancient ships, have flowed from his brush. The laborer is ennobled and the glory of his humble life transferred to canvas. Every phase of life has experienced the artist's touch and has

been immortalized by the glory of his work. Pass from the art gallery to the church. There find Madonnas, saints, angels, sacred pictures of every description. The artist has spread God's beauty on the walls and the glazier has symbolized scripture in violet blues and ambers, and glowing reds, and all the tints of flaming jewelled glass. Surely God's house has been beautified by its pictures and the Master Himself honored by their presence.

Then there is the picture so characteristic of the country parlor. No matter how small the room or poor the furnishings, an impressive array of ancestors, glares forth from behind a bulwark of great gilt frames. The "likeness" is always a grim one. Great-grandfather Dugan who came over from Donegal the year of the great famine presents an austere countenance though it is well known that he was a jolly gentlemna. Pictures of ancestors, it seems, must frown, as though condemning the foibles and follies of the newer generations, and all the great-grandfather Dugans, however jovial in life, carry out the custom. Among the great pictures of the world, let us not forget these humble portraits. The people who possess them, though homely, simple folk, are the "salt of the earth" and by their ancestral pictures you shall know them.

And then there is one picture—a quaint old-fashioned picture of a woman dressed in the style of a score of years ago. This picture time cannot erase; it is as indelibly printed on the mind as the most famous artist could hope to put it on canvas. It is the picture of an old lady. Her hair is white and wrinkles encircle her eyes, the eyes of a Madona. The hands that rest passively on her lap are worn with toil, the toil of a saint. This is the supreme portrait, the picture of pictures—a mother.

# SPORTS

## JAP-N. D. BASEBALL

A bit of the Orient, in its most delightful mode, came to Notre Dame last week, and enjoyed its visit no doubt, as much as the hosts enjoyed the grace and charm of their visitors' performance. Notre Dame lost the ten inning game 2 to 1 to the Osaka Mainichi ball club from Japan, which is making a tour of the United States.

Both sides played great baseball for nine innings, but Notre Dame lacked the offensive punch so noticeable in other home games. Several of her star hitters failed to deliver, and Bert Dunne was benched all afternoon for no apparent reason.

Ronay pitching for Notre Dame, was in top form, as was his rival, Ono, from Japan. Both men were given excellent support in the field, and the ten frames were run off in less than an hour and a half.

Both sides confined their offensive efforts to pop flies and easy infield rollers. Notre Dame drew first blood in the third inning, when Dan Moore scored on Prendergast's infield out. Japan scored in the sixth, and the count was tied to the end of the ninth. Japan scored in the tenth on a long drive to left field by Mori, scoring Sugai from second. The Irish were powerless in their half of the tenth.

### NOTRE DAME

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Quinn, r.f. ....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Prendergast, 2b. ....	4	0	0	4	3	0
Crowley, 3b. ....	4	0	2	2	4	0
Nolan (C.) 1b. ....	5	0	0	10	2	1
Farrell, c. f. ....	3	0	1	2	0	0
O'Boyle, l.f. ....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Silver, c. ....	3	0	0	7	1	0
Moore, s.s. ....	2	1	2	1	2	0
Ronay, p. ....	3	0	1	0	1	0
Smith, x. ....	1	0	0	0	0	0

Besten xx. ....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Murray xxx. ....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total .....	35	1	6	30	13	2

### JAPAN

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kirihara, s.s. ....	4	0	0	4	7	0
Fulakami, c.f. ....	3	1	0	3	0	1
Fakasu, l.f. ....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Nitta, 2b. ....	3	0	0	2	1	0
Sugai, r.f. ....	3	1	1	2	0	0
Koshimoto, 3b. ....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Ikawa, 1b. ....	4	0	1	14	0	1
Mori, c. ....	3	0	1	3	1	0
Ono, p. ....	3	0	0	0	7	2
Totals .....	30	2	4	30	15	2

x Batted for Silver in tenth.

xx Batted for Moore in tenth.

xxx Batted for Ronay in tenth.

Score by innings:—

Japan .....	000	001	000	1—2	4	2
Notre Dame .....	001	000	000	0—1	6	2

Stolen bases Fulakami; sacrifice hits Quinn, Prendergast; struckout by Roney 6, by Ono 3; base on balls off Ronay 1, off Ono 1; double plays Nolan, Prendergast, Crowley, Moore; hit by pitched ball Ono by Ronay. Cleary, Ft. Wayne, umpire.

## INTER-HALL BASEBALL

J. P. McNamara, '28

CORBY, 11—BADIN, 8

Old Jupe Pluve pulled a stellar act in response to the fervent prayers of the wet bloc on Saturday last, so that the Inter-Hall bookings for Sunday were postponed while old care-taker Sol remedied the super-saturated state of the diamonds. The rain failed to damp the ardour of the Corbyites, however, and they pounded Badin for a 11 to 8 recording. For the winners, Dahman, with two double-ply and one single out of three toddles to the rubber, fea-

tured. Noppenberger pitched a heady game. Sheridan and McQuam were the headliners in the batting division for Badin. Harmon and Sheridan formed a nice battery for the losing squad.

CORBY	AB	R	H	PO	E
Burke, s.s. _____	6	3	2	3	1
Dahman, 3b. _____	5	2	3	1	0
Baeringer, cf. _____	5	2	3	3	0
Moran, lf. _____	5	1	2	3	0
Noppenberger, p. _____	5	1	3	1	0
Edwards, 1b. _____	5	0	1	1	0
Tachman, rf. _____	5	1	1	3	1
McAdams, 2b. _____	3	0	0	3	0
Roberts, c. _____	4	1	2	1	2
*Friske, _____	2	0	1	1	0
Totals _____	43	11	18	20	4

BADIN	AB	R	H	PO	E
Cullinan, 1b _____	5	0	0	5	0
Reid, cf. _____	5	0	1	4	0
Wilson, 3b. _____	5	2	2	2	0
Crowe, s.s. _____	5	1	2	2	0
Maloy, rf. _____	5	2	2	3	0
Sheridan, c. _____	4	2	3	1	1
McQuam, lf. _____	3	1	3	1	0
Cowles, 2b. _____	4	0	0	3	0
Harmon, p. _____	4	0	1	2	0
**Gallagher, lf. _____	1	0	0	1	0
Totals _____	42	8	13	24	1

\*Batted for McAdams.  
\*\*Batted for McQuam.

SCORE					
Corby _____	230	000	006—11	18	4
Badin _____	010	300	031— 8	13	1

THE BAT IS MIGHTIER THAN THE HORN

It is duly recorded that music, cheerleaders, processions, etc., cannot supplant a hefty bat, and a mighty pitching arm. Walsh Hall did not have a band to write home about, for the Walsh-Sorin baseball festivities last week, but it did have a ball team, and Sorin furnished both the coffin and the dirge of Chopin's "Funeral March," for its own passing at the hands of the Walshites, 9 to 4.

It was another bright chapter in Notre Dame's tradition concerning interhall spirit. Both halls turned out *enmasse*, and it appeared as though all classes would be dismissed also. Sorin brought a colorful procession, and Mike Dufficy's Subway seven, to the ball field for the game with its rival Walsh. On the other hand, Walsh's haphazard ceremonial robe, was but a faint mask for the ball club Father Haggerty had secreted beneath its folds.

The parade of the two halls circled around the main campus, and the game was played on Brown-

son's sand lot. A high wind came from the direction of the Law Building, and a dusty scene followed, from which Walsh brought forth the victory, and the umpire jumped his risky job, long before hostilities came to an end. A moratorium was proclaimed in Walsh. And in Sorin there was sweeping and smashing of teeth.

NOTRE DAME-ILLINOIS BASEBALL

Irish O'Shaughnessey, the Illinois pitching star humbled the Irish of Notre Dame at Urbana, Friday, 12 to 1.

A grim determined team took the field against the Illinois, but every thing went wrong. The result was that the thousand spectators gasped at the ruthless massacre perpetuated before their eyes with the Illinois Indians swinging their destructive bats in true frontier fashion.

Besten started for Notre Dame but he was not on key. He simply could not groove the ball and when he finally did get one through the middle, Worth drove it out of the park. Dawes who relieved Besten, was hit hard.

Playing a smart bunting game, interspersed with hard hit balls, the Illini gave the Notre Dame inner defence nervous prostration. The Irish led for an inning. Crowley walked, Nolan singled and advanced Crowley to third. Dunne drove him home. After this mild outburst, the Irish spasmodic attacks at tallying but they ended in naught.

In the fourth Ericton singled, Jestes, Jordan and O'Shaughnessey were walked, forcing Ericson. Worth then hit the groove ball into deep left field. The Illini scored five in this stanza.

In the sixth the Indians again became vicious. Dawes had taken up the pitching burden by this time and was breezing along rather nicely. A base hit was registered by Worth, Paxton walked and then Pronting hit a terrific liner over Farrell's head for a home run.

Illinois got two more in the eighth and one in the ninth.

Notre Dame _____	1	5	6
Illinois _____	12	13	1

Batteries, Besten, Dawes, and Welsh and Silver; O'Shaughnessey and Erickson.

## MINIM TRACK AND BICYCLE MEET DECORATION DAY

At 2:00 o'clock on Decoration Day, Cartier Field will be the scene of the Minims' Annual Track and Bicycle Meet. It is the biggest event of the year in the Minims' Department and it is characterized by close competition and enthusiasm. The events on the track range from the 50 yd. dash to the quarter mile and the field events include the shot put, high jump, broad jump, and pole vault. According to the present indications some good performances will be turned in on that day. Tom Lieb will be referee and starter.

The bicycle races will be conducted under the sanction of the Amateur Bicycle Association of America and will be regulated according to their rules.

The Minims' Department acknowledges the co-operation of the Cycle Trades of America Inc. and the donations of the following firms:

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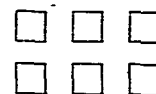
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